

Hope: Tragic Kingdom

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Summary: Scott finds how to go on.

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Disclaimer: The characters used in this story belong to Marvel comics. The song is from No Doubt. This is the my first X-Men fan-fic so please be gentle. I would like to thank the Scribe for editing this story for me and also posting it to ACFF. If you by any way believe that this is worth archiving please tell me at yoda@coqui.net Thank you very much and I hope that you enjoy this story. :)

Notes: This takes place after Prof. Xavier is taken prisoner by Bastion, but before Operation: Zero Tolerance actually takes place. Jubilee is at the mansion for a slight break after Logan rescues her from the desert.

Hint: ~\_thoughts\_~, \*\_music\_\*

\*\*\*JUBILEE\*\*, Ah know that you are bored. But that does not give ya the permission to leave all of us and the rest of humanity deaf. Now go to your room and take the mini-stereo with ya." All of this was either screamed or said very loudly by a near-deaf and enraged Rogue. ~\_Oh, I'm going to teach Rogue a lesson\_~ thought a rather peeved Jubilee. "Let's see. Hmm, Metallica...no, Guns -n- Roses...no. Aha, perfect. Tragic Kingdom by No Doubt coming right up."

Outside in the grounds of the Xavier School of Higher Learning, under the shade of a tree, sat the X-Man Cyclops a.k.a. Scott Summers. Until Rogue's screams nearly left him deaf, he was contemplating the wisdom of allowing Jubilee to stay with out yet telling Sean or Emma about it.. ~\_Leave it to Jubilee to make this place so noisy.\_~ And to his surprise Scott found that he liked it this way better. As the

first notes of the song reached his ears along with Jubilee's presentation of the song, he found himself actually listening to the song.

\*\_Once was a magical place Over time it was lost Price increased the cost Now the fortune of the kingdom Is locked up in its dungeon vaults The castle floor lies in traps With coiled wires set back Decoyed by old cheese Now the drawbridge has been lifted As the millions They drop to their knees.\_\*

In his mind's eye an image was forming. A fortress with a white flag. On the center of the flag was a black X. Besides the flag was a man. By the clothes this man was wearing and the golden crown on top of his bald head, Scott could tell it was the king of this fortress. What surprised him was that the king was Professor Xavier. As he watched the drawbridge was lifted. The king looked grief-stricken when he heard the clamoring of the people outside.

\*\_They pay homage to a king Whose dreams are buried In their minds His tears are frozen stiff Icicles drip from his eyes.\_\*

He was in a study. In a high-back chair sat Charles, tears dripping from his eyes. And Scott heard him say to himself that the dream would survive since it was buried in his followers' minds.

\*\_The cold wind blows as it snows On those who fight to get in On heads that are small Disillusioned as they enter They're unaware what's Behind castle walls But now it's written in stone The king has been overthrown By jesterly fools And the power of the people Shall come to believe they do rule.\_\*

He saw the X-Men, X-Factor, X-Force, Generation-X and even Excalibur trying to get in the fortress to no avail.

\*\_They pay homage to a king Whose dreams are buried In their minds His tears are frozen stiff Icicles drip from his eyes Welcome to the tragic kingdom Cornfields of popcorn Have yet to spring open.\_\*

He saw a barren field, in it he saw the professor saying: "Believe in the dream, fight for the dream."

\*\_Have they lost their heads Or are they just all blind mice We've heard all their stories One too many times Hypnotized by fireflies That glow in the dark Midgets that disguise themselves As tiny little dwarfs The parade that's electrical It serves no real purpose Just takes up a lot of juice Just to impress us.\_\*

He saw a man talking to an audience; many of the people there weren't paying attention. He saw the man waver and in his place appeared Hank.

\*\_Welcome to the tragic kingdom Cornfields of popcorn Have yet to spring open.\_\*

He saw the barren field again, but this time there was a hint of green. And he couldn't suppress a small smile.

\*\*THE END \*\*

End  
file.